

Brady, and from Mr. Brady to Martin Julian, Fitzsimmons's manager, and then he journeyed to Dallas, Tex., and saw Dan A. Stuart, and the result of it all was that a match was arranged between Corbett and Fitzsimmons. All the world knows the result of that affair. All the world doesn't know, however, that the kinetoscope people offered the two pugilists a \$10,000 purse to fight in private, and that Fitzsimmons refused.

Discouraged, but not disheartened, they determined on a big fight at any cost. They made Dan Stuart their manager, so far as the details of the match were to go, and they made him a very liberal offer, provided the kinetoscope got in its share. Mr. Stuart was to receive twenty per cent of the profits of every machine put upon the market. These machines were to be so constructed that five people could witness the contest at one time, at a tariff of ten cents per spectator. If it had not rained Friday the trio and Mr. Stuart would have divided 50 cents for every ninety-five seconds from every machine they owned, and Mr. Stuart, it is estimated, would have had an income from this source alone of not less than \$25,000 per annum for the next two years.

The kinetoscope people were continually

going into their pockets, from the moment Maher and Fitzsimmons and the lesser lights had signed articles of agreement. They had already expended over \$22,000 on films and other paraphernalia, and then they were compelled to pay the fares and expenses of the two stars and the less prominent boxers, with their handlers, to El Paso and back.

The citizens of El Paso had raised \$10,000 as a purse for the fighters and it was Stuart's original plan to bring off the contest in New Mexico, where a prize fighter was only liable for assault and battery. Then Congress stepped in and Stuart had to change all his plans. The expense of hauling lumber to Langtry and other similar necessary details to the contest, compelled him to draw from the El Paso funds, and on Wednesday last the kinetoscope people had to put up \$5,000 to make good the purse for the big battle and to pay the \$1,000 forfeits to the little fighters.

So it is that after all this trouble and expense the company has gained nothing and has lost at least \$25,000, and Dan Stuart must remain content without his expected annuity.

But Mr. Rector, telegraphing Mr. Tilden from El Paso to New Lebanon, N. Y., yesterday, said: "We will get there yet" and perhaps they will.

WHAT DID THE FIGHT PROVE?

Sporting Men's Opinions on the Present Status of Fitzsimmons.

STEVE O'DONNELL, Maher's last previous opponent.—The result of the battle is just what I expected, but it does not bring Fitzsimmons any nearer to Corbett's class than he was before. He is a wonderfully clever fighter, but is not in Corbett's grade. I do not believe any man now before the public is in Corbett's class, and if a match could be arranged between him and Fitz it would be a quick fight, as both are hard punchers, and at the pace that would be set neither could last long. I never believed that Maher was in Fitzsimmons's class, but still, if Maher had landed a hard punch on Fitz, it would have been all day with him. I have always believed that Fitz was the next best man to Corbett, but to my mind he would not stand any show against Jim.

BILLY EDWARDS, ex-lightweight champion of the world.—I consider that Fitzsimmons has raised himself very much in the rank of pugilists by his recent fight. I told Peter Maher he was too big a man and had much too long a reach for him. The fight, to my mind, conclusively proves that Fitz is a good man and a great pugilist, besides settling clearly the fact that he not only talks but means fight also this time. You will have to go a long way to beat him, and in my opinion there is only one man that could do it. I class him next to Corbett.

AL SMITH, backer of James J. Corbett.—Fitzsimmons's declaration that he will ignore Corbett's challenge is the most idiotic declaration I have ever heard. Corbett is the best fighter living to-day, and Fitzsimmons knows that he would have no chance with him.

MAXWELL E. MORE, official referee New York Athletic Club.—The result of the fight does not bring Fitz any nearer to Corbett's class than he was before, and if they ever come together the Californian would win. I have seen both men work and, in my opinion, the world has never produced a fighter who is Corbett's equal, and to-day he stands far in advance of either Fitzsimmons or Maher. I am surprised that the battle was decided so quickly, as I thought that Peter had a chance. Both men are heavy hitters and Fitz has proved himself the cleverer. Fitzsimmons is a tremendous hitter, but he will surely be defeated in a go with Corbett.

MIKE DONOVAN, ex-champion middleweight of America.—Fitzsimmons is the greatest boxer the world has ever seen and if he and Corbett ever meet there will be only one man in it, and that man will be Bob Fitzsimmons. He has always been in Corbett's class, is equally clever and is as good a general when in the ring. All other things being equal, the hardest hitter wins, and Fitzsimmons is a born fighter, the hardest hitter now in the ring and the cleverest boxer I have ever seen. The result of the fight was just as I expected and Maher need not be ashamed of being beaten by the man who is doubtless the greatest fighter in the world. Fitzsimmons to-day has no equal and really outclasses Corbett. I believe Maher could go up against Corbett with a good chance of winning. Fitzsimmons has not been raised nor Maher lowered in my estimation.

C. HENRY GENSLINGER, Manager New Manhattan Athletic Club, who put up the big purse at New Orleans for first Fitzsimmons-Maher fight.—I cannot see in what way the result of the battle can affect Fitzsimmons's standing as a pugilist, compared with Corbett. I know that Fitzsimmons is a much superior man to the Californian. I have seen all of his fights except this one, and I regard him as the cleverest pugilist in the ring to-day. I have always thought that Fitz was the greatest fighter in the world and think so to-day. Fitzsimmons is a cool, calculating fighter, and when he fought Dempsey he simply played with him. He can do the same with any pugilist in the ring to-day. He can hit harder and fight faster than any other man before the public.

MR. CHARLES WHITE, Fitzsimmons's former trainer.—Fitzsimmons, in my opinion, has demonstrated his right to the heavyweight championship, and he is fully able to defend it against any man in the world. His victory over Maher has classed him as a top-notch. He is the most wonderful boxer I ever saw. As I trained him for his fight with Choyinski and Corbett, I know that he is one of the gamest, most scientific boxers in the ring to-day. He is an easy man to train, and is one of the best fellows in the world to get along with. While a middleweight in avoirdupois, he is big enough in height and has the reach to fight successfully any man in the world, for any championship, not barring James J. Corbett. He has done all that has been asked of him by the American public, having fought his way clean to the top, and to-day stands as the double holder of two world's championships (middle and heavy weight), something never known in the annals of the prize ring before, and should he and James J. Corbett meet for the championship, it would be the greatest fight ever witnessed in the history of the ring. They are the two greatest boxers that pugilism ever produced, and the issue would be very doubtful. I sincerely hope that the two men will meet and decide the issue.

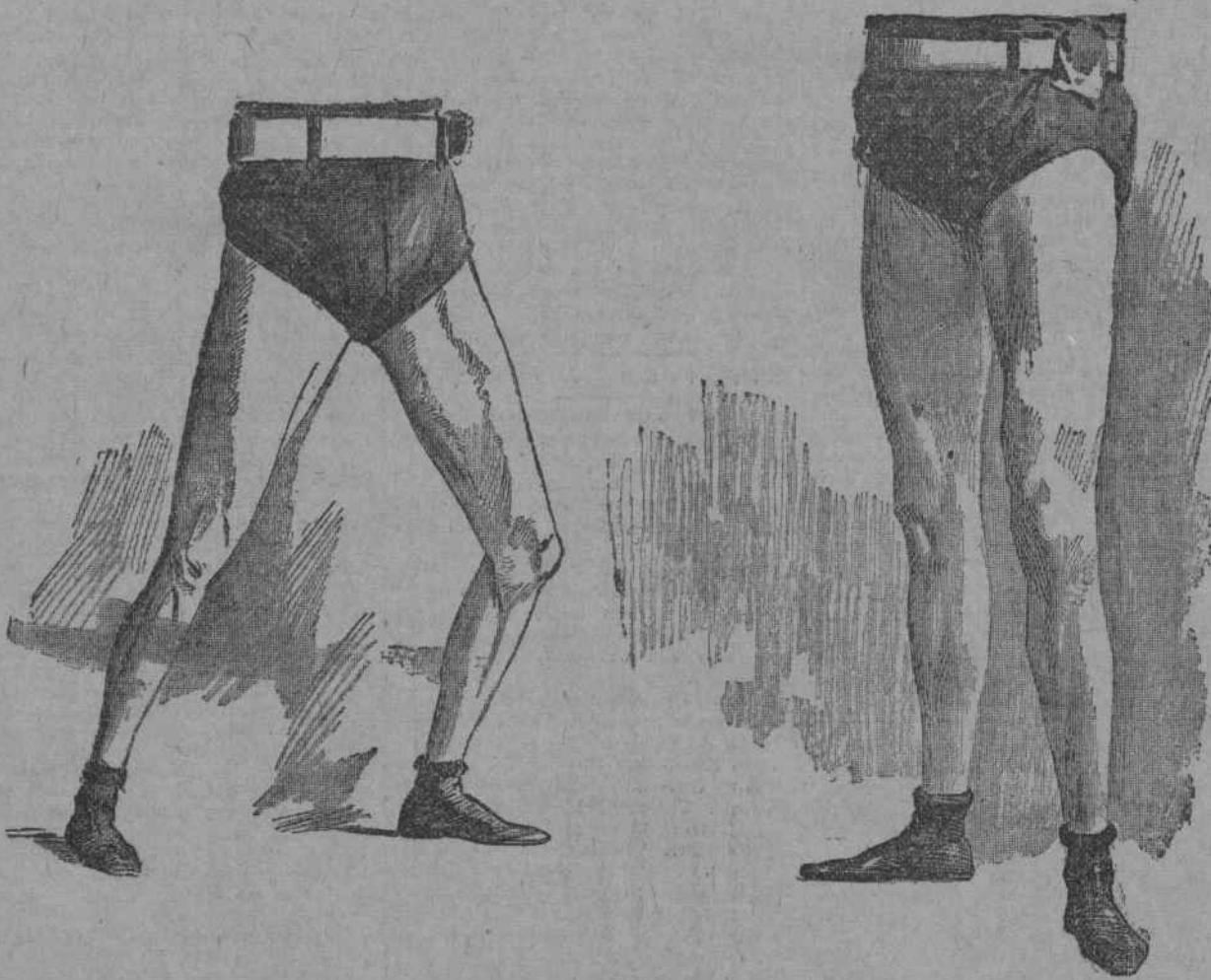
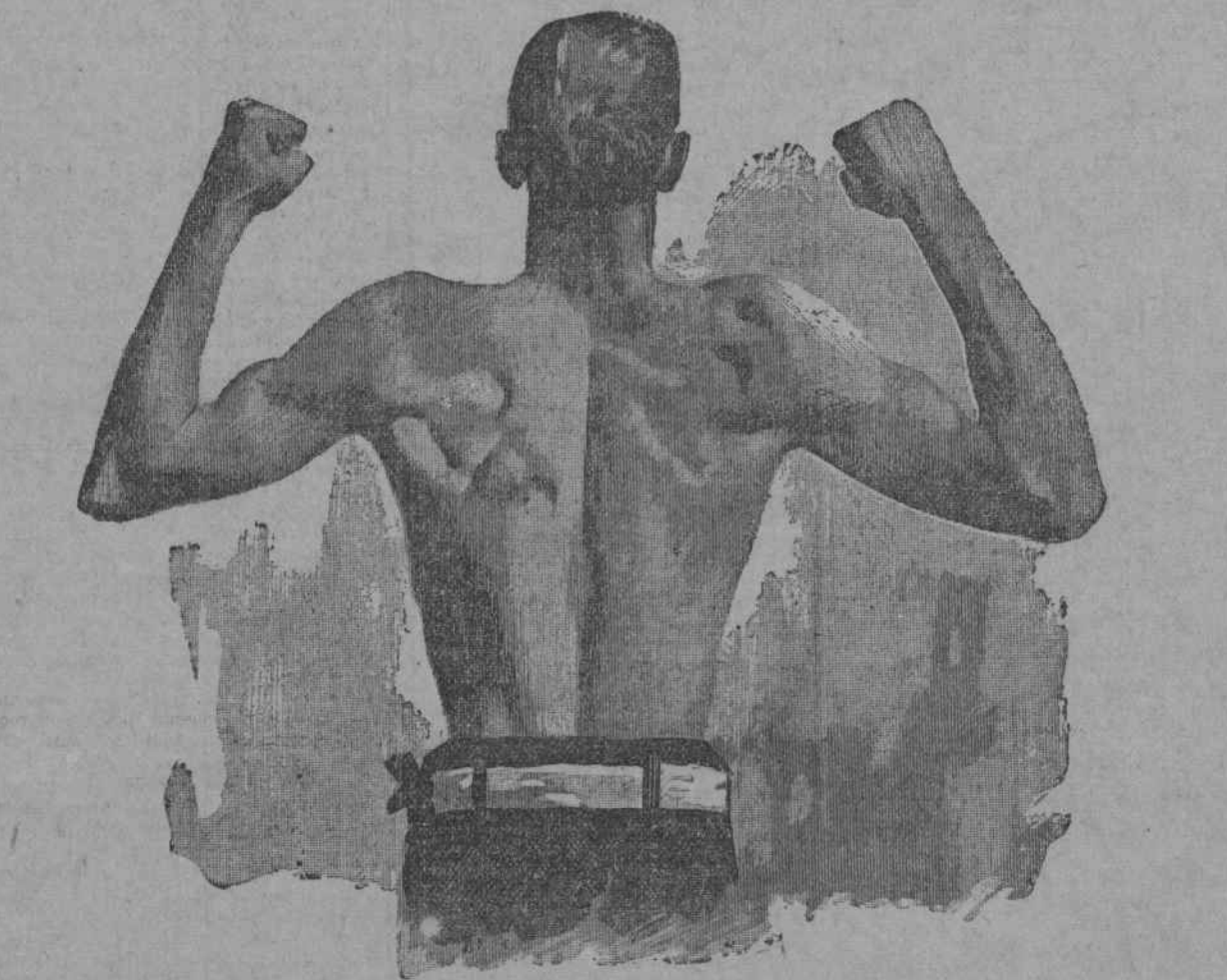
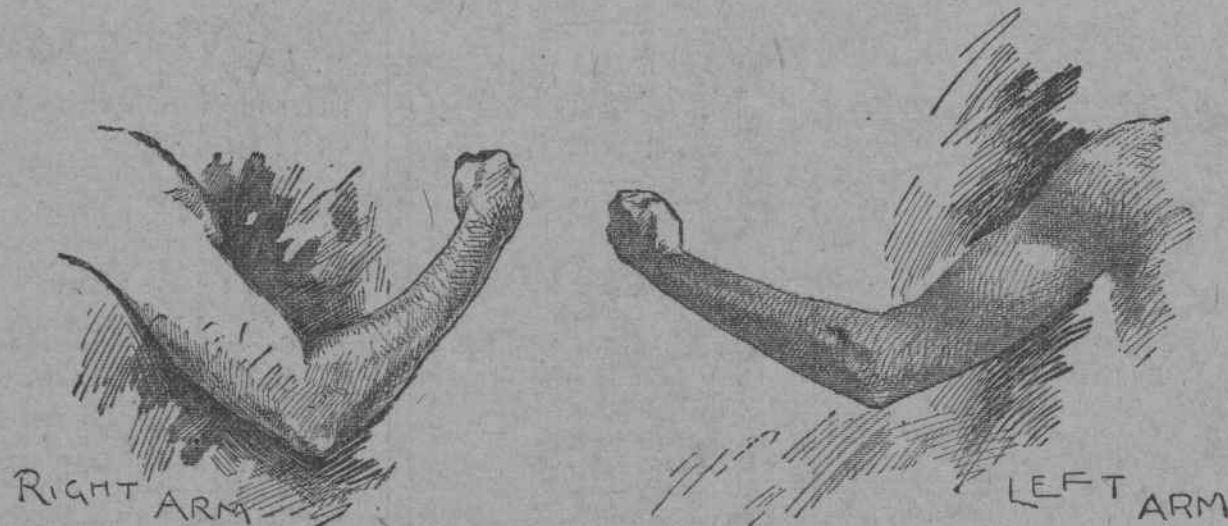
JAMES WAKELEY, once financial backer of John L. Sullivan.—I first saw Fitzsimmons fight when he defeated Dempsey in New Orleans, some five years ago. I was all but certain that he would lick Maher. Fitz is undoubtedly a great fighter and a remarkably shifty man; but I do not think he would have any chance to defeat Corbett. His physical points do not compare favorably with such champions as John L. Sullivan and James J. Corbett. Outside of "Pompador Jim" he is perhaps the most clever and shifty fighter I have ever seen, but Corbett knows much more of the game than he does.

WARREN LEWIS, Dempsey's former backer.—Fitzsimmons is a better man than I gave him credit for being. I believed that the fight wouldn't last over five rounds at the most. Yes, "Fitz" is certainly a wonder, and it will take a crack-a-jack to beat him. A meeting between Fitzsimmons and Corbett would be worth going miles to see.

DICK ROCHE, backer of Jack McAuliffe.—Fitzsimmons is a great fighter. He has worked his way to the front very rapidly and his defeat of Maher, I think, entitled him to the championship. The Australian is a physical wonder, being able to fight as low as 156 pounds and as high as 172 pounds. He is big and strong enough to fight anybody, as was shown in his previous battles, and I doubt whether Corbett would be able to defeat him. Of course he cannot ignore Corbett if the latter challenges him, but I think it will not be long before he and Jim get together.

PHYSICAL PROPORTIONS OF THE HEAVYWEIGHT CHAMPION.

J. C. KENNEDY, Manager Empire Athletic Club.—In my opinion, Fitzsimmons has demonstrated that he is capable of coping favorably with any heavy-weight pugilist in the world. A contest between the tall Australian and the big Californian would be worth travelling miles to witness. Fitzsimmons is unquestionably a game man, a hard hitter, very shifty, and outclasses every pugilist in the world, with, perhaps, a possible exception of Jim Corbett. If a match between Fitzsimmons and Corbett could be arranged, there would be tons of money wagered on the result. Fitzsimmons, by his victories over Hall, Maher, Creedon and other notables, has won the confidence of the sporting public. Of course, Corbett has many adherents who think him invincible, and on that account a meeting between the two would prove to be the greatest fight treat of the age. I saw Maher a week ago in his training quarters, and while his eyes were very bad, he was strong and otherwise in the very finest fettle. Maher is unquestionably a better man to-day than he was when he met Fitzsimmons in New Orleans, and the fight at Mexico simply proves that while Maher has been improving Fitzsimmons has not been idle. In short, Fitzsimmons is a better fighter to-day than ever he was.



Maher Wants Another Chance.

El Paso, Texas, Feb. 22, 1896.

Editor Journal, New York:

I can only say that I was defeated in a fair fight. I thought I had him going when he hit me, and I must say I don't know which direction the blow came from. In fairness to myself, I must say I was not in good condition. I think if I had been as well as when I met Fitz before I would have won. I feel that I can beat him even now; and I will be grateful for a chance at him just as soon as I can get myself into decent shape. I have backing to the amount of \$50,000, and if Fitz thinks of entering the ring again shortly, and has any difficulty in getting a match, I sincerely hope he will give me another show.

PETER MAHER.

CORBETT SIGHS FOR FIGHT.

Wants to Meet Fitzsimmons Anywhere, for Anything, on the Latter's Own Terms.

Chicago, Ill., Feb. 22.—Corbett wants to fight Fitzsimmons.

He has openly, publicly and directly challenged the two-time vanquisher of Peter Maher in unmistakable, unequivocal terms. He will fight at any place on earth where a mill can be pulled off, and he will fight for just as much or just as little money as will suit Fitzsimmons.

"Yes," said Corbett, yesterday, "I challenged Fitzsimmons, and I challenged him good faith. No one knows that better than

he does. I will go to any place, fight for any amount, do anything except chase him about the world in order to catch him. For me to do so would be a useless waste of money, for he would take good care to keep out of my way."

"Why, two horses could not pull him into the same town with me. He is afraid of me and is only bluffing when he says he wants to fight me. He wants me to whip Maher and Choyinski and get a reputation before he will pay any attention to my challenge, does he? As for reputation, I am willing to leave the question to the people, without fear that I will get the worst of it so far as he is concerned. Why, I have whipped Jackson, Mitchell and Sullivan, the greatest fighters that ever lived, and none of them had been whipped when I met them. Say anything that will make that man come into the ring with me and I'll stand by all you may say."

James J. Corbett made these remarks in the billiard room of the Great Northern Hotel just after his midday. His manner was earnest and his gesticulation free. There is no doubt that he is in earnest. He would have fought without molestation, but Fitzsimmons suddenly became a very law-abiding man more in fear of him than through respect for the law. He knew he would be whipped and made use of every pretext to avoid a meeting, and he finally succeeded. So he is going to England. I warrant you he will not meet me before he goes."

HOW 'LANKY' BOB DEFEATED MAHER.

Fitzsimmons's Tactics Kept His Opponent Guessing at His Intentions.

The Irishman Seemed to Lead at the Outset, and Scored "First Blood" Easily.

Seeming Clumsiness of the Cornishman May Have Been Simulated to Deceive Him.

VICTORY ALMOST IN PETER'S GRASP.

His Opponent's Assumed or Real Inability to Reach Him Drew Him on into the Fatal Trap.

El Paso, Tex., Feb. 22.—The Maher-Fitzsimmons fight naturally brought many disappointments. Most poignant of all, of course, was the chagrin of the husky young Irishman, who fell senseless and quivering after one mighty "swat" from Fitz's fist. Then there was the disappointment of his managers and handlers, his backers, of whom there were few, and of his well-wishers, of whom there were many.

Leaving out all description of the hardships of reaching and returning from the battle ground, a resume of the actual bat-

but that bunched shoulder of Fitz's shot up and caught half the force of the blow. There was another wild right lead from Fitz, quickly responded to by a counter from Maher, Fitz ducking splendidly and clasping his arms about Maher's body. This time, in breaking away, Maher drove his right into Fitz's short ribs, and Fitz shook his head and muttered, "The last clinch was in Maher's corner, and after it Maher drove Fitz out and then swung him around and backed him toward the ropes."

Fitz stepped to the left, reaching the mouth, and Fitz countered with the same hand, but not severely. It looked at this stage as if Maher had a decided lead. Fitz, whether shamming or really distressed, seemed slightly at sea. He spread his legs in an ungainly manner and crouched. Every time he hit at Maher with his right he went wild and partly stumbling. Maher evidently thought victory was within his grasp, for he followed Fitz, maintaining a very poor guard, smashing away with his right.

They clasped together in the centre of the ring after an exchange of ineffective blows, and one Maher's seconds shouted: "Hit him with your loose hand, Peter!" The referee waved a warning toward Maher's corner, but Maher seemed loath to let go, and was evidently tingling to the roots of his hair with the prospects of victory. When they finally disentangled themselves, Maher stepped back but a few inches and prepared to crowd right on top of his man again. Fitz, with his body slouching and arms half hanging, changed his tactics with lightning speed. Maher's right was already poised as Fitz gathered up like a flash and braced himself on his leg.

THE FINAL LIGHTNING STROKE.
He made a left feint for some point between Maher's chin and breastbone and threw his head low. As he did so, Maher made the first motion to shoot out his right, but he got no further, for with such rapidity as to electrify the onlookers, Fitzsimmons sent in his own right with what might be called an inside cross and the sharp click of the glove flat on the Irishman's chin might have been heard by the watchers on the highlands across the river. When the blow was delivered Maher's arms dropped and his head joined. He fell at full length on his back, striking his head on the platform and arms half hanging. His neck stiffened, and his head remained raised from the floor, his hands being drawn up and his whole body

CORBETT EAGER FOR A FIGHT.

Chicago, Feb. 22, 1896.

The Journal, New York.

If I can prevail upon this man Fitzsimmons to get into a ring with me I will be the happiest man on earth. He has avoided meeting me, and it is my candid opinion that there is not a team of horses in America strong enough to pull Fitzsimmons into a ring with me.

JAMES J. CORBETT.

Itself is in order to show just how the knockout came. Just before the men shed their wrappings and stood in the fighting costumes which they had selected I sized them up. I never saw more palpable evidence of consummate confidence than was denoted by Fitz's manner. His impudent leers toward the nook where Maher leaned back in his chair were ludicrous. Maher was harder to size up. His eyes were still weak, probably blinded even in the dull light of the lowering day, and his color was a trifle too pasty for my fancy.

FITZ WONT RUN AFTER CORBETT.

El Paso, Feb. 22, 1896.

To the Journal:

Before I left home for the battlefield I told several of my friends that I would whip Maher within two rounds. I have been asked a number of questions as to whether I was feigning dizziness. I may have done so at some stages of the fight, but I really was dizzy from the foul blow Maher struck me in the face when we were clinched. He struck me another unfair blow with his left during another clinch, and yet another with his right in the body when we clinched for the third time. I think worse of this because I always fight perfectly fair myself, and I challenge any one to produce proof to the contrary.

Now, as regards Mr. J. J. Corbett, I want to say that at the proper time I will give him a match. He must remember that I am the champion now, and that he must issue a business-like challenge to me, and not expect me to run after him. I didn't say much on this point, as Julian, my manager, has full authority to act for me in the Corbett matter, as in everything else, and whatever contract he makes on my behalf I will live up to.

ROBERT FITZSIMMONS.

I could not help thinking that he was unusually quiet, and the impression was formed that Peter felt timid over the outlook.

When the pair stood forth stripped for the fray Fitz looked an actual fighting machine. His long, sinewy arms, his big, knobby shoulders and his broad, freckled chest made as formidable an outfit as the stock in trade of any fighter I ever gazed upon.

Maher, of course, is more natty built, and he, too, stripped cleanly and well, but there was not the suggestion of endurance about him that there was about the Cornishman's lithe frame. Referee Geo. W. Siler had called them together and had an understanding on the subject of hitting in the break-away and other matters of ring etiquette.

The fighters shook and walked away from each other, a whistle sounded and the gone gave its one and only clang.

MAHER'S FIRST DANGEROUS LUNGE.

Both men stepped briskly forward, Fitz crouching slightly, and Maher more erect. The Cornishman paused a second as if expecting a rush, and finding it did not come, stepped in and began to feint rapidly. Maher backed a couple of paces, and Fitz followed, letting fly his right in clumsy fashion. The blow was short a full foot, as was another of the same kind aimed at Maher near the ropes. The lunge Fitz made threw him out of position, and before he could balance himself on his feet again Maher sent in a right uppercut, which Fitz caught on his right shoulder and threw over his head.

From the manner in which Fitz's flesh reddened it was evident that the smash would hurt him, but he had it quieted away between his jaw and the top of his ear. Anyhow, Fitz stepped back a moment to take fresh air, and then commenced to potter over the Irishman's heavy hand.

MAHER GETS FIRST BLOOD.

The cessation of hostilities was only momentarily, Fitz, making another attempt with his right, was short, and as his head went in, Maher landed a left-hander, chop that filled his opponent's mouth with blood. Maher snuffed and kept his face partly averted, making another slovenly right-hand lead, which went wide of its mark, and the pair bumped together and grappled each other. The referee rushed over as if to separate them, but they had already commenced to break, Maher upper-cutting Fitz in the face before the latter could draw clear.

"Don't do that again," said Siler, Fitz raising his hand by way of protest. "You agreed not to hit in breaking away, and if you do it once more I will give the fight against you."

There was a smear of blood on Fitz's upper lip, and his eyes looked a trifle glazed. He was evidently dizzy from the foul blow and Maher, seeing his advantage, began to press him. Twice Maher's right landed in a glancing way on the Cornishman's temple,

snear on his face which said, "I was simply laying for you" as plainly as if Fitz had shouted the words to the hillsides around him.

Siler directly Maher fell began to count off the seconds audibly, looking straight in Peter's expressionless face and emphasizing each count with a motion of his forefinger. Some one in Maher's corner threw a sprinkle of water on him, but without effect.

W. W. LAUGHTON.

Gloom

Of ill health, despondency and despair, gives way to the sunshine of hope, happiness and health, upon taking Hood's Sarsaparilla, because it gives renewed life and vitality to the blood, and through that imparts nerve strength, vig-
to
Read this letter:

"Hood's Sarsaparilla helped me. I was changed sick, gloom to sunshine. No pen can describe what I suffered. I was deathly sick, had sick headaches every few days, and those terrible tired, despondent feelings, with heart troubles so that I could not go up and

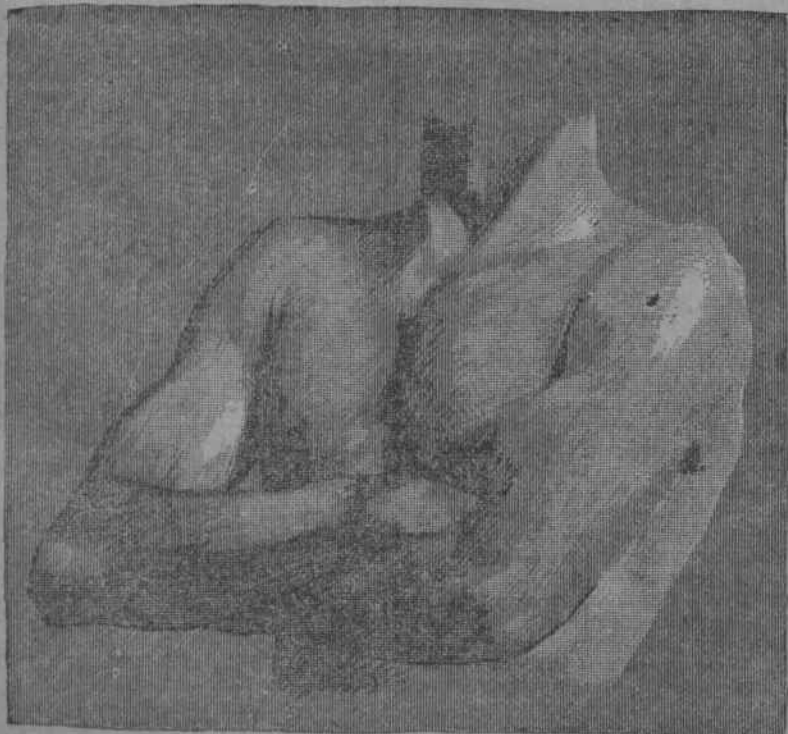
Sunshine

down stairs without clapping my hand over my heart and resting. In fact, it would almost take my breath away. I suffered so I did not care to live, yet I had much to live for. There is no pleasure in life if deprived of health, for life becomes a burden. Hood's Sarsaparilla does far more than advertised. After taking one bottle, it is sufficient to recommend itself." Mrs. J. M. SMITH, Beloit, Iowa.

Hood's Sarsaparilla

Is the One True Blood Purifier. All drugs are imitations only by C. L. Hood & Co., Lowell, Mass.

Hood's Pills cure all liver ills, biliousness, headache, 25 cents.



The sketches of Fitzsimmons, showing his muscular development, are reproduced from photographs taken just before the fight by Feldman, of El Paso. They show clearly the make-up of the man, which enabled him to win the title of heavyweight champion of the world.